

We drive on, remarking -- finding it remarkable -- that New Ulm, Minnesota, the Grant Woods edge of the wild-west, celebrates what they call a Sioux Indian Massacre occurring less than my father's "hundred-years-ago." Sleeping that night in New Ulm community park, we found it unremarkable that the first Sputnik, seen through elm branches of New Ulm was no brighter than a star.

The Ground Knows Its Place

Now celery. Now carrots. First root crops then vines. Perennials planted in blocks and at edges. Berries in rows. Berries in patches. Military order in corn. Sprawling map shaped blotches of pumpkin and squash. Order makes gardens. Weeds are only flowers growing where they're not wanted. Order makes cities. Order makes towns. Weeds are growing where they're not wanted. The ground, the black silent ground, usually knows its place. To maintain order the farmer must plow. Cultivation means ripping the weeds up. Weed. Harvest. Keep everything in its place.

-- Robert M. Chute

Naples, Maine

CHILDREN'S PLAY

The great grandfather of the bridegroom Prince had been a deacon in my father's church. They had the same huge nose. This coincidence rendered his heroics comically absurd.

My daughter was the Purple Fairy -- tall for her years, graceful as liquid, a gossamer girl. Thank heaven, for the sake of Freud et al., she was a being from the other world.

The King once let the air out of my tires, soaped our windows every Halloween: quailing before his subjects' ironic "Sire ..."s, his own court jester, derided by the Queen.